

SULLIVAN, O., June 28, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—Our children's day was the 17th, of this month. It is very warm weather here, with very hard showers. To-night is prayer-meeting. I expect to go if it don't rain. Bro. D. J. Myers is very sick, but we hope the Lord will spare him that he might do a great deal of good in this world. We miss Homer's letters in the EVANGELIST.

Yours in love,
MYRTLE S. HART.

KUNKLE, O., June 30, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I will try to send another letter so you will not forget me. A young lady friend of mine was buried Thursday, Miss Tella Maun. Her death was caused by inflammation of the bowels. They had an operation on her last Monday. Died Tuesday. Dr. Long of Bryan and Dr. Shrider of Alverton performed the operation. Pa and ma witnessed the operation. You wanted me to tell who was the prince of the power of the air. It is Satan. Eph. ii, 2. How old was Sarah, Abraham's wife, when she died?

PEARL YAGEL.

CORNELL ILL., June 28, '94.

DEAR EDITOR:—It took Noah about one hundred years to build the ark, and God told Noah to come with all his family into the ark, and to bring the birds and beasts with him. When they were all safe inside God shut them in. And it rained forty days and forty nights, and all the people and beasts and birds and insects, except those in the ark were drowned. God promised he would never send another flood and he placed a rain-bow in the skies as a token.

BENJAMIN MAST.

NORTH LIBERTY, OHIO, June 30th '94.

DEAR EDITOR:—I love to read the children's letters but have not read any for some time. When Brother Haskins was here, about the 17th of May we paid him for the paper up to the first of January and we have received no papers yet. My papa does not want any back numbers. We will have our Children's Day to-morrow evening. We hope to have a nice time. I hope before I write again I can read some of the children's letters.

Yours respectfully,
LULU E. BEAL.

Either the book-keeper or the mailing clerk made a mistake, we can not tell which, is why your papa did not get the paper. We received the money all right and have ordered the name in the galley so we hope you are now receiving the paper regularly. If you do not, write again.

AKRON, IND., July 17th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I didn't write last month so I will have to write two this month. I still go to Sunday school, it is getting better all the time. We have singing at our house once a week; we have no organ at our Sunday school so we have singing at our house. Harvest is over now, and some people are threshing. My papa is going with a threshing machine. I will close for this time.

DESSA SAYGER.

MT. BLANCHARD, O., June 26th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a letter. There are twenty-one girls and nineteen boys in the school where I go. My two brothers are making hay. Our little neighbor girl was sick last week and I was down three times and I took her a big roll of patches. She had the shingles of the side. I must close for this time for it is time for dinner.

Yours truly,
CARRIE HANMAN.

SPRINGDALE, WASH., June 24, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I just got home from Sunday school. I was elected secretary and teacher of the little folks as the usual officers are not coming. I will answer Dessa Sager's question. Jesus had a coat woven without a seam. I will also answer Clemma Henrik's question. Noah was six hundred years of age when the flood came. Genesis vii chapter, vi verse.

Yours Truly,
ETTA JUDY.

WELCOME ADDRESS.

Delivered at the childrens meeting Salem, Ind., June 24, '94 by Miss. Roxie Eikenberry.

Dear Pastor, Father, Mother and Friends we bid you welcome to this our children's day. It is an old time custom to celebrate the 25th of Dec., when we call to mind our Lord and Master and do homage to his memory. Then on Easter Sunday we celebrate his resurrection.

For 118 years we have celebrated the 4th of July as one of the greatest events of American history. On May 30th we pay tribute of respect to our fallen heroes but to day is children's day, it is dearest of all for this is our day, a day for the children.

Fathers and mothers a few years ago you were the children but your life's sun is fast going down the western horizon, a few years more and we the children will be grown to manhood and womanhood we will take your places here on the right and on the left. May our young lives grow better as we grow older.

To our Sunday school Superintendent, our teacher and friends we thank you for your help and assistance in our preparation for service, don't expect too much for we are only children. Once more we thank you and welcome you here to-day and when we are done with time may we be gathered about that bright throne with him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

PLAYING FOOL.

SELECTED BY LYDIA ANN BAKER.

An industrious young shoe-maker fell in to the habit of spending much time in a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon he would carelessly reply: "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool." His little two-year-

old caught the refrain, and would often ask: "Is you goin' down to play fool, papa?"

Smith tried in vain to correct this word. The child persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day he accosted his father with, "Has you been playin' fool, papa?"

This made a deep impression on the shoe-maker, as he realized that the question was being answered in the falling off of his customers and the growing wants of the household. He resolves again and again to quit the pool table, but weakly allowed the passion of play to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money, out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim: "No work again, to-day what I'm to do I don't know."

"Why, papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more?"

"Oh, hush, you poor child! groaned his father, shame-stricken. "That's just the trouble. Papa has played fool too much already." But he never played it again, and to-day his home is comfortable and happy once more.

"SOME TIME."

MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgement here has spurned—

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, that while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see:

And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now

Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.
And if, some time, commingled with life's wine,

We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine

Pours out this portion for our lips to drink:
And if some friend we love is lying low,

Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,

But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.
And you shall shortly know that lengthened

breath

Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death

Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,

And stand within, and all God's workings see,
He could interpret all this doubt and strife,

And for each mystery could find a key.
But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!

God's plans, like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;

Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil we reach the land

Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say that "God knew best."